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The Evening World.
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GET BACK TO VALUES.

IN PROCEEDING from the standardization of shoe prices to the standardization of clothing prices generally, the War Industries Board takes a logical and natural step.

Chairman Baruch's talk to members of the National Retail Dry Goods Association was plain and to the point:

> After that (the fixing of shoe prices) will have to come the regulation and distribution of almost all the things with which you gentlemen have to deal. I don't want you to say it can't be done, because it must be done. It is unthinkable that only the man with the longest pocketbook can get the things he needs.

Nor can there be much quarrel with Mr. Baruch's definition of a fair price as "a price based on something like the normal profits in normal times."

It comes back to the old question:

Why should any man be permitted to "make a good thing" out of war?

Why, in the case of hundreds of commodities, should an inevitable economic rise of prices be accelerated and exaggerated without restraint in order that those who deal in those commodities may enjoy bigger percentages of profit than in time of peace?

Why, above all, should extra large gains go into the pockets of those who sell food and clothing to a people carrying the burden of war?

These questions have become familiar enough. Nevertheless, they cannot be too often repeated as long as answers are demanded in the shape of curbs on the various classes of exploiters.

No one for a moment desires to see industry discouraged or business blighted by overregulation.

But will any one maintain that American industrial and business energy must flag in war time unless it is assured exceptional, unlimited opportunities for the greater gratification of greed?

Would any American publicly confess that he regards the war primarily as a condition he should take advantage of to make himself richer?

The psychology of the situation is this:

War devastates commerce, closes markets and forces the general intelligence of the country to recognize that an economic rise of prices must be expected. Thousands who handle and sell commodities advance their prices faster than economic need requires because they know the public mind is reconciled to a general rise and because they can always plead the necessity of protecting themselves against unforeseen increase in their own expenses. Finding the upward movement of prices thus accelerated, the speculator and the profiteer see their chance to boost away higher still, the retailer goes each raise from the wholesaler one or two better, until at last every one is boosting incessantly and laying the blame to others.

At this stage the only hope for overburdened consumers is a drastic return to true economic values and strict enforcement of the principle that no privilege assuring extraordinary profit attaches to supplying the common needs of a people at war.

War is a national undertaking. The direct burdens it imposes are nationally determined and adjusted. Abnormal economic and industrial conditions to which war gives rise can only be dealt with nationally.

There is every reason, therefore, why Federal authority may properly declare that neither a pair of shoes nor a suit of clothes shall be sold at prices which give those who manufacture, handle and sell these commodities higher percentages of profit than they could expect if the country were in its normal state of peace.

Letters From the People

"Home Heroes" Not Wanted.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Touching on slackers and slickers in our big city, there is no doubt whatever that there are a great many of them in and out of uniforms. Just take a ride on any of the elevated roads or the subway during the rush hours and see the crowds of young men between the age of twenty-one and thirty-one years who escaped the draft. Like many others, I am at a loss to know how they did it. I have two boys over there, the youngest nineteen years of age. They enlisted immediately after our country declared war. There are many families that we know who have had two and three sons drafted. We also know some young men who are hiding behind petticoats. Others who have been drafted, through some influence are being kept home doing work that boys sixteen years of age can do. I think United States Senator Wadsworth called them "slickers." I don't wonder that so many people write you about it. They see their sons, brothers and husbands going over, while their neighbors are posing as home heroes. All the heroes are over there or ready to go when called.

SQUARE DEAL.

Heartless Landlords.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Permit me to say that if "C. S. M." is really the mother of four children she can compliment herself on being a very lucky person to have been able to save $500 to buy a home and pay off another $800 mortgage. I also am the mother of four children and have found it very discouraging to be refused in different houses because I had children. I should like to live in the country, but have not the means to make the attempt. As in the case of "Poor West Side Mother," I also had to take any flat I could get, including the last tenant's dirt, which I had to scrub away, because the owner refused to paint. Still I was lucky to get the rooms at all, although it is an outrage. Where would the soldiers, Red Cross nurses, doctors, &c., come from had it not been for some one's children? And those same children all had to be in houses somewhere. Why is it that landlords are so prejudiced against children and refuse to house them? Who is protecting their property? Some one's boy "over there!" The Germans have nothing on the landlords who refuse children. They are alike in their heartlessness.

AN OUTRAGED MOTHER.

A Good Word for War Plant Workers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A letter was published in your paper on munition workers. I have done everything the writer mentions, besides a good deal more in other departments of the business. The shell factory or powder plant is no place for a weak man, and those working there are not considered slackers by broadminded people. The workers' lives are at stake twelve hours a day, seven days a week, while their health is being undermined every minute of their working hours. Perhaps a few soft jobs will be found in these plants, as there are in every place where people are employed on a large scale. All red blooded Americans should do their bit in a plant if rejected for active service. I'm waiving exemption because I know I am qualified for service in France.

AMERICAN.

Next!

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By J. H. Cassel

No Woman's Land

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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THE first week of the Fourth Liberty Loan has passed. Hundreds of speeches have been made. Every public place has resounded with the appeal.

One evening during the week I sat in a motion picture house and heard a young marine tell the story of the big show "over there." On the stage with him were four wounded comrades. Their mangled feet and crutches told the tale. This man spoke a big truth when he said, "They are giving; you are only lending."

He told stories about "No man's land," and was interrupted in his speech by the cry of a woman: "I'll lend a thousand dollars!" and in that low-priced theatre a sum was realized in a few minutes of almost $40,000.

The most significant thing was the fine subscriptions by women, significant because lately women have been given a chance to play their equal part in the great game.

Women realize more than ever that they are not only fighting to purify "No man's land," but to eliminate "No woman's land." For they know it is no woman's land where women bear children whose first teaching is militarism.

It is no woman's land when the holy bonds of marriage are disregarded to bring more soldiers into the world.

It is no woman's land where men invade the sanctity of the home and throw women out of it on the grounds of war.

It is no woman's land when young daughters are ruthlessly torn from weeping mothers and sent to prison camps that are worse than slavery.

It is no woman's land when husbands are brutally murdered before the eyes of their wives and the murderer goes marching on.

It is no woman's land where little babes are bayoneted and carried as souvenirs.

It is no woman's land where the Government may order men to lawlessness in order to increase the population.

It is no woman's land where hungry foes steal the last loaf from the hovel of the pauper.

It is no woman's land where women whose country has been invaded dare not speak lest they lose even the liberty of living.

It is no woman's land where they send boys of fourteen to fight the battles of men.

It is no woman's land where they put women in front of men that the honorable foe may not strike.

It is no woman's land where the rule of a mad king and a maudlin princeling carry the fate of the family in the palm of their hand.

It is no woman's land where little children are forced to starve that more long range guns may be made.

It is no woman's land where woman is still reckoned as so much utilitarian chattel "to be seen and not heard so often."

To wipe out no woman's land there is one big way. If every woman would lend her money—all she can—she would sweep it clean of all its terrors.

In the words of the marine, the women "over there' have given; you are only asked to lend. Another week of lending begins.

NEWEST THINGS IN SCIENCE.

Arizona, which produced more than 38 per cent. of the refined copper in the United States last year, is expected to exceed its record this year.

* * *

An American patent has been granted the Swedish inventor of a chair which can be folded into several different positions or converted into a table.

* * *

Metal plates to be clamped to the guard of an electric fan have been invented which scatter its breezes as well as would be done by an oscillating fan.

* * *

A tent suspended from a tripod and containing a hammock has been invented, while a piece of canvas can be fastened beneath it to completely enclose an occupant.

* * *

A Swiss company has spent a large amount for road improvement and equipment and plans to carry passengers over some routes in the Alps in electric automobiles.

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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"I SEE by the papers," said Popple, the Shipping Clerk, "that people are beginning to get mad about coal deliveries again. They ought to restrain themselves until they really need heat."

"They don't seem able to keep cool about the matter of keeping warm, do they?" asked Bobbie, the Office Boy, grinning.

"What is that—a joke?" sneered Miss Primm, Private Secretary to the Boss.

"Just a little one," said the boy.

"Do you want people to be cold?" demanded Popple.

"Oh, no, but their bins should be coaled."

"Listen, Bobbie," said Miss Tillie, the Blond Stenographer, "it wouldn't be so bad if you'd dig up a new joke now and then, but yours are all so old. They're enough to turn a person's hair gray."

"They'd never turn yours as long as the old drug store is on the job," said Bobbie, pleasantly.

"Oh, for the land's sake!" chuckled Miss Primm. "Now and again Bobbie does say something really bright."

"I consider his statement an insult," snapped the Blonde. "My hair is genuinely blond, and it's no secret."

"I notice you're not trying to keep it dark," came from Bobbie.

"That will do, young man!" said Miss Tillie. "All the women in my family are blonds and I resent your comments extremely."

"Tut, tut!" said Spooner, the mild little Bookkeeper, soothingly. "Why is it necessary for us to quarrel each morning? This should be a happy little family."

"With Miss Primm as the grandmother," suggested Bobbie.

"My land!" came from Miss Tillie, her gaze directed at Miss Primm. "Now and again Bobbie does say something really bright."

"You're both insulting," snapped the Private Secretary. "While my age is nobody's business, I want you all to know that I have just passed my twenty-seventh birthday."

"Coming back?" asked Bobbie, in a low tone.

"Now, now!" said Spooner, intervening. "Let's change the subject. Why become personal? I wrote a short story last night. I call it 'The Last Lap.'"

"Is it about a cat drinking milk?" asked Bobbie.

"Of course not! It's about a bicycle race. It seems to me you're pretty fresh this morning."

"Now, now!" said Popple, with a grin. "Let's be pleasant."

"Bobbie is enough to exasperate a donkey," grunted Spooner.

"I know he has exasperated you," said Popple, "but take it easy and"—

"Would you insinuate that I am a donkey?"

"Hee haw!" laughed Bobbie. "It's great to be crazy, ain't it, Spoony?"

"Bobbie, you should not apply frivolous names to your elders," said Miss Primm. "Mr. Spooner is not spoony."

"How do you know? Have you tried him?"

"I'll have you fired for that," snapped the Private Secretary. The words were hardly out of her mouth when Mr. Snooks, the Boss, entered.

"Good morning," cooed Miss Primm. "Oh, Mr. Snooks, Bobbie has been too fresh again."

"What did he do?"

"He called Mr. Spooner Spoony, for one thing."

A smile crept over the face of the Boss. "Well," he said, "is he? You ought to know, Miss Primm. I've seen you at two theatres together this week."

"Now, Mr. Snooks!" said the Private Secretary, smiling. "What an everlasting tease you are."

Mr. Snooks went into his private office and shut the door. Bobbie chuckled.

"Why don't you fire the Boss?" he asked.

"I'm going out to get an ice-cream soda," snapped Miss Primm. And as she left the room she slammed the door vigorously.

Stories of Spies

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 64.--WALTER GREENWAY; the "Second Story Man" Who Turned Spy.

HE is known at present as "Walter Greenway," which is not his real name.

He was afflicted with a habit of climbing into the second stories of English houses. And for this eccentricity he did time more than once. In four years he piled up a record of ten arrests.

At last he was shipped to Ceylon, where most the houses are all on one floor, and where the art of "second story work" might be expected to languish for want of practice.

But Greenway did not stay in Ceylon. He escaped and fled to Mesopotamia, where he "turned native," and married a local dusky beauty. For years thereafter nothing was heard of him.

Then the present war began. And England sent armies to the near East.

At about this time a deaf and dumb Bedouin appeared among England's Turkish foes, where he had no trouble at all in picking up all sorts of useful military knowledge. This knowledge he promptly sent, in letters, to Gen. Townshend, the local British commander.

The Bedouin deaf-mute was Walter Greenway.

At news of his country's peril he forgot his old grudge against the land that so often had imprisoned him.

Disguised, he set forth to help England as a spy.

For a time everything went smoothly. Greenway was able to find out countless secrets of the Turks and to transmit those secrets to the British.

Turks Suspicious of the Mute.

But finally, for some reason, the supposed deaf-mute was suspected. It is said that a camp follower had seen him enter the British lines. So the Turks decided to find out, first of all, if he were really deaf and dumb.

They fired rifles close behind him. Greenway made no sign of hearing the noise. Next they backed him up to a big gun and fired it.

The concussion sent the blood oozing from Greenway's ears and nostrils. But he did not turn around nor start.

Next the Turks tested his powers of speech by means of hot irons and by tearing out his fingernails. Not one word could the torturers wring from him.

Within a week Greenway made his way again to the British camp and told the positions and numbers of the Turkish guns at the fort where he had been tortured and the exact nature of their various defenses.

In a letter to friends in England he explained thus his reasons for turning spy: "I knew no army drill. Besides, I feared they might sniff out my character if I applied for enlistment. It struck me I might work off my deaf and dumb trick on the Turks and perhaps bring in a little information if I came across any German officers."

Again suspicion fell upon the spy. This time the Turks razed his home to the ground.

Former Jailbird Does His Bit.

He fell ill from privations and from his tortures. But he was able to blow up a Turkish arsenal near Bagdad before he succumbed to his illness.

Then his faithful native wife carried the dying spy to a mission hospital, where in early September of 1916 he died.

Just before his death Greenway wrote to his English friends: "Well, I have nothing to grumble at. I have had my innings. It is a solemn feeling, I have. I have not been what I might. Also, I have been misunderstood, somewhat." All his reports and letters were written on tiny scraps of soiled paper—on anything he had been able to find in the desert that would hold a message.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MISS CORA HICKETT burst into the Jarr apartments and into tears simultaneously.

"Why, whatever is the matter, Cora?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Miss Hickett almost incoherently, and then waited for Mrs. Jarr to say something.

Mrs. Jarr had the Napoleonic temperament. When others were excited she was calmest.

"I certainly shall NOT speak to you, either here or when I meet you after this, unless you explain," she said coolly.

"Oh, my poor heart is breaking!" cried Miss Hickett hysterically. "I do not care what becomes of me now! I will take the veil—I will go in the army—the Salvation Army—and cook doughnuts, although I hate the smell of boiling lard. I do not care whether I look a fright in the uniform or not!" And, taking out her vanity box she noted in its mirror with alarm that her nose was red, a defect she immediately set out to rectify by a liberal application of pearl powder.

Consider also, from this on, that as Miss Hickett is speaking she is working all the properties in the vanity box, a crimson compound for the lips, an application for the eyebrows, etc.

"Does his being a yeoman in the navy prevent him marrying? Has Mr. Silver broken the engagement?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I'd like to see him try!" said Miss Hickett, clicking her teeth together and squinting into her miniature mirror to see if her thin line of eyebrows were in order.

"Well, I don't see what you are so excited about then," said Mrs. Jarr.

"It's your husband, that's who it is!" cried Miss Hickett.

"What has my husband to do with it? Mr. Jarr isn't going into the Naval Reserve—he says all his friends are with the Tanks!" Mrs. Jarr retorted.

"Pshaw!" said Miss Hickett, almost contemptuously. "Do you think I'm bothering my head about a MARRIED man? But I did think Mr. Jarr was my friend. And only he and you knew!"

"Knew what? I declare I'm losing patience!" said Mrs. Jarr, testily because Miss Hickett had implied that Mr. Jarr wasn't worthy of being tempted by any and all sirens and vampires.

"Mr. Jarr and you and I were the only ones that knew my poor, dear Jack's awful secret!" replied Miss Hickett. "Of all the world we three were the only ones aware that my poor, dear Jack's whole life was one strong, manly struggle against the drink demon!"

"Shucks!" said Mrs. Jarr impatiently. "Jack Silver isn't any more addicted to drink than you are! Besides, all drinking will be stopped for the duration of the war next July!"

"But Jack told me so!" wailed the fiancee.

"They'll tell you a lot of things when they first realize they are engaged to be married and begin to weaken on it," said Mrs. Jarr coolly. "But what has my husband got to do with it?"

"My dear Jack had 'liberty' to-day, and where is he? Is he with me? No; he's with your husband. And I thought Jack was a slave to his vows!" sobbed Miss Hickett.

"Slave to fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Jarr impatiently. "Who told you such a silly thing?"

"You know I love to telephone him every hour of the day. He is so busy at the Naval offices—aboard ship, he calls it—that he can only come to see me when he has 'liberty'!" whimpered Miss Hickett. "And you know how I told you that he is so dazed with happiness, or something, that he leaves his telephone receiver off the hook and the Naval switchboard operator tells me she can't get an answer and then I can hear him snicker."

"You're not married to him yet," advised Mrs. Jarr. "Take my advice and leave the Naval Reserve telephone alone; have a little Naval Reserve yourself, so to speak!"

"I only want to know if he still loves me, if he is thinking of me all the time," gushed Miss Hickett sentimentally. "He mustn't only think of ships and cannon."

Then her tone changed, and she said in a firm measured voice:

"I'm indebted to you for all you've done, Mrs. Jarr, but you can leave it to me that I know how to handle a man after I'm engaged to him. Whether he keeps the telephone disconnected or not, it makes a man think he's mighty important when his fiancee has him always in mind. I have known lots of girls to lose a good chance, no matter how scared the men seemed, who waited to be approached, who let their beaux show all the anxiety.

"The girl who shows she cares for a man, thinks of him all the time, and never lets him alone a moment after he proposes is the one who gets him. A man who is afraid his sweetheart will kill herself or make a dreadful scene or sue him a...l show his letters if he deserts her, doesn't desert her. No man as eligible as Jack Silver will ever have the chance to say to me, 'You never evinced any interest or affection!'"

"You're a smart girl," said Mrs. Jarr, admiringly. "But how did you know that Jack Silver is out with Mr. Jarr?"

"I got so alarmed that I called at Jack's office at Naval Reserve headquarters, and another typewriter sailor there grinned at me and told me Yeoman Silver had gone out on 'liberty' with Mr. Jarr, and, furthermore," here Miss Hickett's voice took on a tone of horror, "the typewriter sailor said they'd gone to splice the mainbrace together."

"But, my dear girl, that perhaps is what is called 'doing yeoman work,'" said Mrs. Jarr consolingly.

GOOD SHOT.

Gossip is the ammunition used in the gun of idle curiosity.—Chicago News.